

CREEPY  
#131



WARREN  
MAGAZINE

SEPT. 1981

# CREEPY

NO. 131  
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# **CREEPY**

NUMBER 131

SEPTEMBER 1981

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## **THE NUT 6**

There it was, The Nut! It sat humming in the dark! Through the shimmering orifice there seemed to be a whole new world waiting for him to explore! But, did he have the courage to step through?



## **SON OF THE NUT 18**

Buddy's uncle had disappeared! Had he stepped through the Nut and found a new and better world? That's just what Buddy wanted to do too! Now if he could only figure out how that machine was built!



## **LYCANTHROPIST 23**

The moon was full! Suddenly, a man stood in the village square! He promised to rid them of their Lycanthropic Infestation! Too bad villagers couldn't tell a snake's request when they heard one!



## **POSSESSION 31**

Satan reached up from the pits of hell to bind the young boy's soul to damnation forever! But only one holy man stood in Satan's way! Only one of them could survive the battle with ultimate evil!



## **BELLA DONNA 37**

Electra, the woman who murdered her mother so she could be with her father! Electra, the Freudian complex that all women feared! Bella Donna, the woman possessed and the woman loved by all men!



## **MINDWAR 45**

Two alien civilizations fought among the stars to a horrible stalemate! The slaughter had to end! As battle ready navies faced one another, each chose a single warrior to fight the last battle!

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# Dear Uncle Creepy



A number of the stories in CREEPY #129 exceeded any expectations I may have had for your magazine. I like stories with non-stop action and mindless, cynical killings such as "Strategic Retreat" by John Ellis Seeb, but I always yearn for a little more... and for one CREEPY delivered! "The Saga of Popeye Jackson" was cynical and action-packed, but it was also rife with clever sub-titles and characters I could care about. I shouldn't be surprised, though. Gerry Boudreau has always been one of your finest writers. The tragedy of Danny in "The Terrible Truth about Danny" also provided problems that we can care about, and with a background of a social issue that is worth thinking about. Will Richardson seems to have forgotten about sex and mutilations for a while and come up with a fine, touching, thought-provoking story.

But the real corker of the issue was Budd Lewis' "Last Voyage of Sinbad." From the very first page I was fascinated and sympathetic to doddering, helpless old Sinbad. And as the fantastic and comical elements were introduced as the story progressed, I never stopped believing. The twist ending was carefully prepared for, and beautifully realized. Great work! Special mention should be made of Jeff Easley's terrific cover, which may have lured many new readers to CREEPY. They could not have chosen a better issue to begin.

NATHAN JOINER  
New York, N.Y.

CREEPY #129 was a terrific issue! I can't think of one story in it I didn't like. "Strategic Retreat" and "The Saga of Popeye Jackson" were especially action-packed. And the ultimate showdown in "He Who Lives" was harrowing! All of the artists in the issue, from cover to cover, deserve applause, although they'd all probably prefer a bonus! I really could appreciate "Working Class Hero" wherein a skinny little guy is forced to take on over-muscled under-brained barbarians. I rather thought you had the makings of a fine series in there somewhere, but then it ended just like that—boom! Not get me wrong, though. I don't want to see series in CREEPY. I loved number 129 mostly because there were six separate and complete stories in it. Keep 'em short, sweet and gruesome!

BONNY ALEO  
Baltimore, Md.

"The Last Voyage of Sinbad" inspired a nicely traditional cover for CREEPY #129, but unfortunately that was the story's major contribution to the issue. When the reader got to the story itself he discovered, as writer Budd Lewis must have, that it is difficult to improve upon a legend.

"The Saga of Popeye Jackson" had its innovative moments (such as the spy eyes in the sky) but was ultimately a routine story with an unsatisfying conclusion.

A far more satisfying look at military life was contained in John Ellis Seeb's "Strategic Retreat." The dictator was figuratively (and almost literally) the standard authoritarian animal. On the other hand the Barthmen were almost perfect pictures of the ideal mercenary. They were loyal (to money), efficient, fulfilled their contract, and also managed to get their malevolent "kicks" out of their profession.

"Working Class Hero" was highlighted by its art. I've never seen it noted (and maybe no one cares) but in my eyes at least Carmine Infantino is the best in the business at portraying middle-aged men (an odd talent, but there you are).

After reading "The Terrible Truth about Danny," all I can say is: this is the ultimate human being? And about all I can say about "He Who Lives" is that it seemed to be a vampire story that was discovered by the mind of Budd Lewis.

T. M. MAPLE  
Toronto, Ontario

Issue #129 was my first CREEPY from my subscription, and am I disappointed! It was so different from the ones I found from 1970.

The art by Herb Arnold in "Strategic Retreat" was magnificent. I should know. I'm an artist and a fan of strange art. "He Who Lives" and "Strategic Retreat" are the kind of stories I would like to see in your magazine. Please! No more junk like "Working Class Hero."

KEN SCOTT  
Statesboro, Ga.

## Dear Uncle Creepy

CO.  
Warren Publishing Co.  
145 East 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016

I am writing this letter in response to the comments of Mr. Arnold Post that appeared in the letters page of issue #128. Mr. Post declared that he was waiting until the Moral (so called) Majority cleanses CREEPY of "sexual content."

I have read CREEPY from the very first issue and used to applaud the quality. But the quality has declined in past years and I consider CREEPY to be at an all-time low. Please, gentlemen, open up the old E.C.'s so that you can remember what horror is supposed to be.

Mr. Post, for example, provided a solid basis for a horror story in his letter. Imagine that a religious group formed and claimed to speak for the majority of the country. Imagine that they said they alone decided what was fit to print. Imagine that this group could censor anything that they wanted to. Imagine that they erased all history that they felt was unfit. Imagine that they put you out of business. Now that is *horror*.

Some people call themselves Americans and laugh at our First Amendment. I can only plead for sanity. I'm afraid that I will find none. We are a changing people. Perhaps if the Moral Majority hurries, they can shape the nation into Mr. Orwell's 1984 ahead of schedule.

If my opinion matters, I hope that Mr. Post is forced to wait until he and his misshapen ideas die a natural death. Or, I hope I am dead before his ideas become reality.

L. MOODY  
Montgomery, AL

CREEPY #129 had great potential, and it was almost ruined by some real hackwork by some of the artists you people constantly use. The only explanation I can come up with why you employ Martin Salvador and Herb Arnold so often is that they're relatives of the powers that be at Warren Publishing. I mean, we're talking amateur here. No, Salvador isn't an amateur. He's predictable, which is the kiss of death in your kind of magazine, to my mind. I have nightmares that you cleaned up the CREEPY logo in preparation for Salvador's doing over art! The nightmare twists its cruel knife in my brain when I'm forced to endure a special Warren edition of Salvador and Arnold collaborations and read it throughout eternity! Please wake me when it's over!

MURIEL KLEIN  
Irvington, N.J.

WELCOME,  
MY FIENDISH  
FRIENDS!

I HAVE  
A SIZZLING  
ISSUE FOR  
YOU!

IT'S  
PACKED TO  
OVERFLOWING WITH  
MONSTERS, WEREWOLVES  
DEVILS, TIME MACHINES  
AND INTERSTELLAR  
WARFARE!

SO  
OPEN UP!  
IT WILL BE THE  
LAST THING  
YOU DO!

*Black & White*

# THE NUT

ISN'T THERE A QUOTATION IN THE BIBLE ABOUT A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM? I THINK SO.



I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW WHAT LITTLE CHILD IS SUPPOSED TO LEAD WHO WHERE, BUT IT SEEMED RIGHT ENOUGH APPLIED TO AN OLD SCHOOL, STUDY OF MINE NAMED KIRK MEADOW.

"YOU SEE, KIRK WAS BUSY ALL THAT TIME, QUITE UNKNOWNST TO ME. I FOUND HIM MESSING AROUND WITH A GIANT NUT, WHICH WAS RODGED UP LIKE THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTERY WIRED FOR SOUND."

"I LAUGHED A GROWN GUY PLAYING WITH A NUT. IT TOOK ONE TO KNOW ONE."

KIRK ISN'T AROUND ANYMORE BUT THAT'S PART OF THIS STORY AND ALSO WHY I'M RELATING TO YOU THE INCIDENTS WHICH LED UP TO HIS ABSENCE."



"THAT BIZARRE LITTLE DEVICE THAT MCDON ENVISIONED, CONSTRUCTED AND SOMEHOW PERFECTED."



"IT ALL STARTED SHORTLY AFTER INITIATION WHEN KIRK BECAME A RECLUSE AND HIS FRIENDS BECAME CONCERNED."

BEING HIS FRAT BROTHER, I FELT A MY DUTY TO GO THROUGH HIS INTERBOOKS TO SEE WHAT I COULD FIND."



"KIRK HAD DREAMED UP AN IDEA TO BUILD A TIME MACHINE. 'OH GGG, YOU'RE SAYING. NOT ANOTHER TIME MACHINE!' MY FIRST THOUGHTS EXACTLY. BUT I TOOK HIS THEORETICAL EQUATIONS TO THE PROF IN THE COMPUTER LAB. WE RAN THEM THROUGH THEY CONNECTED. I GRAPPELED."

"AND THIS WERE THE WHAT I MANAGED TO GLEAN FROM MCDON'S SCRAWNINGS."



HE'D BUILT HIS TIME MACHINE, A SETUP THAT COST HIM EVERY CENT HE COULD SCRAPE UP ON SWINDLE.



"BY THIS POINT ALL THE THEORETICAL KIBBLES HAD BEEN WORKED OUT OF THE DEVICE. THE DEVICE HE SIMPLY CALLED THE NUT, AND THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE! HE HAD PASSED THE FIRST TEST, INSERTING INMATE OBJECTS THROUGH THE NUT'S EYE.



"NOTHING HAPPENED, NOT THAT HE EXPECTED IT TO, BUT, HE WENT TO THE NEXT STAGE ANYWAY."



EASY NOW, DON'T POINT IT!



"HE INSERTED A LIVING ORGANISM INTO THAT ENIGMATIC ELECTRICALLY CHARGED HOLE."

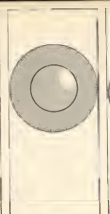


OMIGOD!

"AT THAT POINT, EIGHTEEN STRAIGHT MONTHS OF MAD SCIENTIST GENIUS CAME TOGETHER IN ONE GIANT JOLT OF MIND-SEARING REVELATION."



"FIRST, KIRK TRIED TO GRAB A BALL OF TIME. THIS IS NOTHING MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF A NORMALLY MOVING MOLECULAR MASS. IT'S ALL AROUND YOU. GRAB A CHUNK! SEE IT?"



"THEN TAKE THAT ROUND BALL OF TIME AND WRAP A METAL SPHERE AROUND IT LIKE A TOOTHPASTE POPE! MAKE IT THICK!"



"CROSS SECTION IT! NOW YOU HAVE A ROUND METAL WHEEL WHICH SURROUNDS A DISC OF TIME. IN THIS TIME DISC ARE STEADILY MOVING MOLECULES. THAT'S WHAT TIME IS. STATICALLY FACED MOLECULES DON'T ADORE IT WORKS!"



"OKAY, NOW FIRE A BREEK ELECTRIC CHARGE INTO YOUR METAL WHEEL. MAKE THE MOLECULES IN THE METAL SPIN IN ONE DIRECTION. THE MOLECULES MOVE THREE TIMES AS FAST AS THOSE IN THE OUTER SKIN!"



"NOW GET THIS! THERE COMES A POINT WHEN THE MOLECULES OF THAT TIME DISC ARE MOVING SO RAPIDLY THAT THE TIME WHICH DISTS IN THAT EYE IS ALTERED INTO ANOTHER! TIME!"



"IN EFFECT, BEFORE YOU BEGAN INCREASING THE RATE OF MOLECULAR SPEED IN THE EYE OF THE WHEEL, THE TIME IN IT WAS THE SAME TIME WHICH SURROUNDED THE EYE! BUT WHEN THE EYE STARTED HYPER MOVEMENT, THE REST OF THE WORLD KEPT ON GOING NORMALLY. BUT THE SPACE IN THE EYE MOVED RAPIDLY INTO THE FUTURE! DAYS, YEARS OR CENTURIES!"



HEY, YOU HEARD  
SOMEBODY WE'RE HAVING  
A LITTLE PARTY OVER  
AT THE PRAT HOUSE.  
HEY MEADOR??

C'MON IN  
DOOR'S OPEN



MEADOR, EVERY-  
BODY'S PLENTY WORRIED  
ABOUT YOU! YOU'VE BEEN  
LOOKED UP IN HERE  
SINCE LAST YEAR

EIGHTEEN  
MONTHS

JEEZ, SO  
ARE YOU COMING  
OUT, OR DO I  
DRAG YOU  
OUT?

SEE THIS?  
IT JUST ATE  
A FISH



THAT  
THAT MUTZ?  
A.A.

FISH



THE FISH IS GONE!  
NOW? ALL THIS JERRY-  
RIG GEAR AND MY EQUATIONS  
ARE BULL! YOU EXPLAIN  
THE FISH!

"I SPENT THE NEXT TWO HOURS LIGHTING  
CANDLERSTICKS AND SMOKING THEM DOWN TO THE  
PETERS AS MEADOR EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING. IT  
WAS WEIRD, BUT... SOMEHOW... IT MADE PERFECT  
SENSE!"

IF HE WAS LUNGO OR CRAZY, ALL I HAD TO DO TO PROVE  
IT WAS ASK HIM TO PROVE IT. I ASKED... AND HE DIED



THIS  
TIME  
PUMPER  
TISSUE  
THROUGH  
THE EYE!



I WISHED HE WOULDN'T  
TRY IT... BUT I WISHED  
HE WOULD NO MORE!



YOU SURE  
YOU SHOULD DO  
THIS? EVER  
CONSIDER LAB  
NICE?



A MOUSE  
CAN'T DESCRIBE  
WHAT HAPPENS  
I CAN



NOD. I

SH-H. WATCH NOW!



IT'S... BY GOD  
IT'S DISAPPEARING!

YEAHH..!

WAIT A MINUTE,  
LEMMIE LOOK AT IT FROM  
THE OTHER SIDE!



WHAT'S  
IT LOOK  
LIKE?

IT AIN'T THERE,  
JUST SLICED CLEAN IN  
TWO! I CAN SEE YOUR  
BLOOD PUMPING! I CAN  
SEE SOME MUSCLE. MY  
GOD! DOES IT HURT?



NO, NO PAIN AT  
ALL! BUT I SWEAR MY  
HAND COULD FEEL

A BRIZZE JUST  
LIKE STICKING YOUR HAND  
OUT THE WINDOW! I FELT A  
BRIZZE FROM SOMEWHERE  
SOMEWHERE!



WHERE DOES THE DAMNED THING LEAD TO, KURT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT SOMEWHERE!





"WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT HERE?"

"I'VE GOT A GODDAMNED TIME MACHINE. THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT. THAT LITTLE HOLE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR PRESENT TIME. TIME IN THERE HAS SPED UP UNMEASURABLY."

"FAR OUT?"



"WELL, EVEN JUST ASSUMING THAT THE EYE COMES OUT IN ANOTHER TIME DIMENSION, WHAT THE HELL CAN YOU DO WITH IT?"

"BUILD A BIGGER TIME MACHINE, AND CRABBL THROUGH."



"YOU'RE KIDDIN'?"

"THERE'S AN OLD TIN BARN BEHIND THE CAMPUS. I'M GOING TO BUILD IT THERE."

"NO WHEN I'M DONE, I'M CRAWLING THROUGH THE HOLE I MADE IN TIME."

"WHERE'LL YOU GET THE MATERIAL TO BUILD IT?"

"WELL, BLOOD, MY GOLD FILLINGS. I'LL GET IT. IF I EVER HAVE TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT RABBITHOLE LEADS."

"ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT THAT?"

"MEET ME IN THE TIN BARN FOUR MONTHS FROM NOW. YOU'LL SEE IF I'M SERIOUS."



"THIS THING WILL LET ME CRABBL OUT HUNDREDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE WHERE ALL THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE HAVE BEEN SETTLED."



"AREN'T I JUST?"

"YOU'RE SERIOUS."



"HERE, THE THIS AROUND YOU. IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE, I'LL YANK YOU BACK THROUGH."

"THANKS, BUT ONLY LIVING THINGS CAN GO THROUGH THAT. DOESN'T INCLUDE CLOTHES, GLASS EYES OR ADIES."



"OKAY, YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE HOLDING THE CONTROLS STEADY!"

"NO TROUBLE!"

"THE KID WAS GOING, LOOKING FOR THAT SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW."



"READY NOW, HERE GOES."

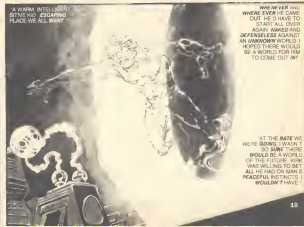
"SOMEHOW I FELT LIKE AN ACCOMPICE TO A SINGLET."

"ALL THE SYSTEMS REVVED UP, AND KERR CRAWLED TOWARD THE EYE."



"HEY, THANKS ALOT! I'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD!"

"CON DIA!"



"A WARM, INTELLIGENT, STEVE KID, ESCAPING PLACE WE ALL WANT."

"WHY NEVER AND WHERE EVER HE CAME OUT, HE'D HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN, NAKED AND DEFENSELESS AGAINST AN UNKNOWN WORLD. I WISHED THERE WOULD BE A WORLD FOR HIM TO COME OUT INTO."

"AT THE RATE WE WERE GOING, I WASN'T SO SURE THERE WOULD BE A WORLD OF THE FUTURE. KERR WAS WILLING TO BET ALL HE HAD ON MAN'S PEACEFUL INSTINCTS. I WOULD'VE HAVEN."



"IT'S BEEN SIX DAYS SINCE KIRK CRAWLED THROUGH THE RABBIT HOLE. SOMETHING DREW ME BACK TO THAT DAMNED MIT AGAIN!"



"DAMMIT! DAMMIT! MEADOW, WAIT FOR ME!"



"SO I'M LEAVING BEHIND THIS STORY..."



"SOMEHOW I'VE GOT THE FEELING HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND AND ALL THAT."



"JUST HOPE I DON'T COME OUT AT THE BOTTOM OF AN OCEAN."



"NOPE, NO OCEAN. UNM1 CAN FEEL THOSE WARM WRECKERS."



"KIRK MEADOW HAD LED THE WAY THROUGH THE EYE OF THE MACHINE! THE EYE OF THE Maelstrom INTO THIS WORLD OF THE FUTURE!"

"HE HAD A WIFE'S HEAD START ON HIS FRIEND, BUT HE WAS NO TROUBLE TO FIND. NONE AT ALL!"

"AND KIRK HAD BEEN RIGHT IN A WAY! THE FUTURE HAD INDEED BECOME A LAND OF PEACE AND HARMONY. PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE THERE WERE NO PEOPLE."

"LEFT NONE AT ALL!"



"THE LAW HAD RETURNED TO...DOOM!"

end

DEAR READER—  
THIS IS THE LAST STORY I'LL EVER WRITE AT FIRST, I WANTED TO MAKE IT A STORY YOU'D ALWAYS REMEMBER! BUT I SOON  
REALIZED THAT IF YOU'D SIMPLY BELIEVE WHAT I'VE WRITTEN HERE, I'LL HAVE GIVEN YOU THE GREATEST GIFT POSSIBLE! I  
WILL HAVE SHOWN YOU THE WAY. (A/T)

# SON OF THE NUT!

COMIC BOOKS! IT USED TO BE THAT ONE THIN GUY COULD  
BUY YOUR PASSPORT INTO A WORLD OF FOUR-COLOR  
DREAMS AND LIMITLESS ENCHANTMENT! A WORLD WHERE  
WISE-CRACKING RABBITS GRAVED DEADLY PERILS WITH  
CLUNKING ROADRUNNERS AND DEMENTED COYOTES  
AND BELLIGERENT SUCKS BATHED REGULARLY IN VAULTS  
OF GOLD AND OCEANS OF PURE, HARD, UNINFLATED CASH!



CAN YOU REMEMBER THE LAST TIME YOU WERE WHISKED INTO  
THE BEWITCHING LAND OF TALKING MICE AND FLYING HEROS?



OR, LIKE MOST OF US, HAVE YOU GROWN TOO OLD, TOO  
CRITICAL AND TOO WORLDWY TO RECALL THE ECSTATIC  
CAPTURE OF FOLLOWING YOUR IMAGINATION TO WHIM? MARKED  
IN A EUPHONIC TONALITY BY COSTUMED HEROS AND  
PANEL AFTER PANEL OF GLORIOUSLY IMPOSSIBLE ART?



COMIC! THE STUFF OF IMAGINATION! WHEREVER HAVE THEY  
GONE? WHAT EVER HAS HAPPENED TO THEIR MAGIC?



DO YOU RECALL HOW, BY MERELY FURNISHING A COVER, SO FULL  
OF PROMISE AND WONDER, YOU WERE INSTANTLY AND  
MIRACULOUSLY TRANSFORMED INTO A RED AND BLUE SUITED  
MARVEL, CAPABLE OF LEAPING TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE  
BOUND OR OUTFURNING A SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE?



CAN YOU EVER FORGET  
THE TICKLE OF WIND ON  
YOUR STOMACH AS YOU  
DONNED A POWER RING  
FOR THE VERY FIRST  
TIME AND SOARED INTO  
THE AIR OVER A NIGHT-  
SHROUDED METROPOLIS?

PLEASE DISCARD, IF YOU WILL, YOUR MANTLE OF CONTEMPTU-  
OUS SKEPTICISM FOR JUST SEVEN PAGES! ALLOW YOURSELF  
TO BELIEVE ONCE AGAIN! UNLOCK THE DOOR OF YOUR IMAGI-  
NATION! ENTER INTO A WORLD OF UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES!



AND KNOW THAT WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ, THOUGH  
SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE, IS ALL THE UTTER TRUTH!

IT WAS A DAY BIRTHED LIKE ANY OTHER, AMONG THE SMOG, DIRT, NOISE AND ANTHY OF THE BIG CITY! FROM MARLEW TO BATTERY PARK, BOOKS WERE WINDING UP TO BUNGLY (GROPE THEIR WAY THROUGH DAILY ROUTINES THAT HAD LAPSED INTO LITTLE MORE THAN DULL HABIT)



LISTEN, WILLY! THE STORY ITSELF IS STRAIGHT FROM MY IMAGINATION BUT THAT TECHNICAL STUFF ABOUT THE TIME MACHINE AND HOW IT WORKS... IT... IT'S ALL TRUE!

YOU'VE MET MY UNCLE WILLARD... THE ONE WHO LOOKS DOWN HIS NOSE AT ME BECAUSE I WRITE FUNNY BOOKS!

HE'S THE BRAINS OF OUR FAMILY! DECRIES FROM A HALF-DOZEN OF THE BEST SOUTHERN BAPTIST UNIVERSITIES! HE'S THE ONE WHO THOUGHT THIS THING OUT! AND HE... HE ACCIDENTALLY LEFT HIS NOTES AT MY PLACE LAST WEEK!

WHEN I FOUND THEM I GOT THE IDEA FOR MY STORY "THE WEST!"

WILLY! I SHIPPED MY UNCLE'S NOTES HERMAN! NEVER THINKING THEY WERE THE ACTUAL PLANS FOR A WORKING TIME MACHINE!

OKAY, BUDD! I'LL PLAY ALONG! HOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR UNCLE'S TIME MACHINE IS FUNCTIONAL?

BECAUSE I BUILT ONE! THAT'S HOW I KNOW I BUILT A TIME MACHINE AND WENT INTO THE PAST!

LISTEN, BUDDY! I KNOW CHINIS HAS BEEN PUTTING A LOT OF PRESSURE ON YOU LATELY, NAGGING YOU TO BECOME A REAL WRITER!

AND WITH THE BABY ON THE WAY THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN EASY FOR YOU, MANICALLY!

YOUR WORLD HAS BEEN JUST ABOUT AS UPSIDE-DOWN AS MINE! BOTH OF US WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO GAUZE THIS OVER-TAXED, OVER-RATED, GOVERNMENTALLY REGULATED CRIBPOOL OF A SOCIETY AND BECOME REAL MEN!

MUSKETEERS! KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE! GUNFIGHTERS IN THE OLD WEST!

BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN TO US KID! WE'RE TRAPPED HERE WITH THE NAZIS, THE BRAS, THE CORNHOLDS WHO RUN OUR LIVES!

BLEEDING THE SWEAT FROM OUR PORES AS THEY USE OUR BUTTERED BRAINS FOR PUNCHING BAGS!

NO AMOUNT OF WISHING IS GOING TO MAKE IT ALL GO AWAY!



MY HEART POUNDED AS I STOOD CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO DO NEXT. I KNEW IF I THOUGHT ABOUT IT MUCH, I'D NEVER TAKE THE PLUNGE. NEVER GO THROUGH THAT MAGICAL, SPINNING HURL!



"SO, TAKING A DEEP BREATH, I HELD MY NOSE, AND I NERVOUS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY ADULTHOOD YOUNG LIFE!"



AND GOD HELP ME, WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, THERE I WAS IN SOME FOGGYN LITTLE OLD WEST TOWN, IN A TIME I COULD ONLY GUESS AT!



I'D MADE IT MAN! AND STILL I  
JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! BY GOD  
WILLY IT WAS EVERYTHING WE'VE EVER  
TALKED ABOUT! EVERYTHING WE'VE  
EVER DREAMT OF!



IT WAS THE CULMINATION OF EVERY  
STORY WE'VE EVER WRITTEN! EVERY  
FANTASY WE'VE EVER LIVED! EVERY  
DREAM WE'VE EVER SHARED!



THERE WERE MEN THERE, WILLY! REAL  
HONEST-TO-GOD MEN, WITH ALL THE  
STENCH AND GUT GOD GAVE MEN TO  
DRESS IN!



THERE WERE NO ALL-KNOWING PUBLISHERS  
SNEERING OVER MY CHOICE OF AD-  
JECTIVES. NO ALL-SEEING RIVES NAG-  
GING ABOUT MY WHISKY BREATH!



MY GOD,  
WILLY  
THERE WERE  
ONLY  
MEN  
LIVING AS  
MEN WERE  
MEANT  
TO LIVE!  
CURSING!  
DRINKING!  
FIGHTING!  
LIVING!  
WILLY!

GOD  
THEY WERE  
LIVING!



AND AND I WAS CAUGHT UP IN IT ALL! THEY ACCEPTED ME, MAN! TOOK ME IN!  
MADE ME ONE OF THEM! OH, JEEZUS, WILLY! IT WAS AMAZING!



IT WAS EVERYTHING WE'VE EVER WANTED! AND I THOUGHT OF  
 HIM! WILLI! I REMEMBERED HIM! SITTING HERE, READING  
 SCRIPTS WITH VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, MONSTERS... AND I  
 REALIZED YOU WERE IN HELL!

"SO, I... I CAME BACK FOR YOU, MAN! I CAME TO SAVE YOU  
 FROM IT ALL!"



YOU WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THE PUBLISHERS,  
 THE ACCOUNTANTS... THE CUTESIE WRITERS WHO SCRIPT  
 THE CUTESIE STORIES FOR THE CUTESIE LITTLE SNOTS  
 WHO SEND IN THOSE HATE LETTERS EVERY MONTH!

IT'S ALL BEHIND YOU  
 NOW, MY FRIEND! WE CAN BE MUSKETEERS!  
 WE CAN RIDE WITH PERRY UP SAN JUAN HILL!  
 WE CAN BE THE ONES TO BLAST NIGHTDREZ  
 FROM THE SKY... OR FIGHT AT ARTHUR'S  
 SIDE IN CAMLLOP!

WE CAN BECOME  
 WOMANS! IF WE WANT TO  
 AND PLANT CHRISTIANS AND  
 JEWS LIKE TULIPS ACROSS  
 THE HOLY LAND!

WE CAN BE MEN, WILLI!  
 FOR GOD'S SAKE! WE CAN GET AWAY  
 FROM THIS WSAWITY THEY  
 CALL CIVILIZATION!

THAT'S WHY YOU'VE  
 GOT TO DESTROY THAT STORY,  
 WILLI! WE CAN'T LET ANYONE KNOW  
 WHERE WE'VE GONE! WE CAN'T  
 LET THEM KNOW HOW  
 TO GET THERE!

THEY'LL CLAIM IT'S  
 TOO DANGEROUS TO HAVE PEOPLE  
 ZIPPING AROUND THROUGH HISTORY!  
 THEY'LL SQUASH IT AS THOUGH IT NEVER  
 EXISTED, JUST TO KEEP THEIR WAGE  
 SLAVES PAYING FOR THE PRIVILEGE  
 OF BEING PERPETUALLY  
 DEHUMANIZED!

ONCE THE  
 STORY'S BEEN KILLED,  
 WE'LL BE HOME FREE, MAN! NO  
 ONE WILL BE ABLE TO FOL-  
 LOW US INTO THE  
 PAST!

ONCE UHOLE WILLARD  
 LETS IT OUT THAT HIS TIME  
 MACHINE REALLY WORKS, THE  
 GOVERNMENT WILL STEP IN  
 AND HUSH IT UP ANYWAY!

NO ONE  
 WILL BE ABLE TO  
 TOUCH US EVER  
 AGAIN!







NOW WHAT  
THAT?



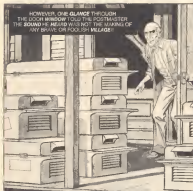
THE  
POST OFFICE  
IS CLOSED! IT'S  
SIX O'CLOCK!



WOULDN'T THESE  
PEOPLE EVER LEARN?  
SUN'S SET AND THEY'RE  
STILL FOOLIN' AROUND  
OUTDOORS!

BEE-OOP!

HEY OUT  
THERE! GO ON  
HOME! YOU KNOW  
IT'S A WELL  
GREAT DAY IN  
THE MOON!



HOWEVER, ONE GLANCE THROUGH  
THE DOOR WINDOW TOLD THE POSTMASTER  
THE SOUND HE HEARD WAS NOT THE MAKING OF  
ANY BRAVE OR FOOLISH MILEAGE!!

IT WAS THE SOUND OF A VERY UNEXPECTED  
SPECIAL DELIVERY - A DELIVERY MADE NOT  
ONLY FOR THE INHABITANTS OF  
STREDOGA - BUT FOR THE WHOLE MANN  
RACE

HOLD FOR  
A N T - NOW WHO  
IN HADES IS A N T  
WAIT LL THE MAYOR  
HEARS ABOUT  
THIS!

FROM: Center of  
Psychological  
Research  
TO: Streptia, Vermont  
General Delivery  
Hold for A N T 1-871-084

BUT DESTINY AS MR BUND BOLD  
LEARN PROGRESSES ONE STEP AT A  
TIME

# LYCANTHROPIST

THE MARCH DID NOT HAVE TO HAVE LEADERS. IT WAS THE HEAVY OF THE ARMOURED DELIVERY MARCH TO THE VILLAGE.

IN FACT, WORD ANDERSON WAS A PLACID THOUGH THE TOWN SQUALL AND AN IMPROMPTU MEETING WAS HELD IN THE TOWN SQUARE.



NOW NOW  
IT PROBABLY MEANS  
NOTHING AT ALL. A  
POSTAL MISTAKE  
OBVIOUSLY.

COME ON  
MAYOR. GET ON WITH  
IT. IT'S ALREADY DARK.  
WE'VE GOT TO GO!



RAVE IS  
RIGHT! MAYOR!  
THE MOON'S GONNA  
BE RISEN! AND  
AND!



THE  
LIGHT?  
SOMETHING IS  
HAPPENED  
TO THE  
LIGHTS!

IT IS THE  
ELECTRICITY!  
THE WHOLE VIL-  
LAGE IS BLACK-  
ED OUT!



TO HIRE  
WITH WHATEVER  
THAT SPECIAL DE-  
LIVERY HAS. IT  
DON'T MATTER  
NOW WE'VE  
GOT TO GO!

OH!  
DON'T ASK LLOELL!  
LET'EM HEAR THAT!  
FOOTSTEPS!



MAYOR!  
LOOK!

WHO  
GOES THERE?  
S-SPEAK UP! SOME  
BODY LIGHT A  
LANTERN!



I'VE COME  
ABOUT THE WERE-  
WOLVES









THAT WAS  
A MISTAKE! MY GUN  
SHELL IS MADE OF PURE  
SILVER. SILVER ARRESTS  
THE FINAL CADAVRE  
LEAVING YOU AS WOLVES  
UNTIL IT BEARS  
OFF.

BUT BECAUSE  
WEREWOLVES SURVIVED  
IT DOESN'T MEAN THEY  
ARE AN EVOLUTIONARY  
SUCCESS!

NO, LOOK  
AT YOURSELVES!  
BLOODTHIRSTY  
MINDLESS BEASTS  
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE  
PERFECT FOR OUR  
RESEARCH NEEDS.

NO, WERE  
WOLVES ARE ONLY  
A FAILURE OF AD-  
VANCED EVOLUTION.  
ADVANCE MORE!



THAT IS WHY  
WE SEARCH FOR SLOTTED  
ARRESTS FROM COLONES  
SUCH AS YOU. THAT  
IS WHY I CAME  
HERE.



TO  
COLLECT YOU FOR  
OUR LITTLE PRO-  
JECT!



WELL,  
NOBODY CAN SAY  
OUR HYPERREAL GUNCA  
FOR SAVING FROM THE  
CLINICAL PROGRESSION  
OF SCIENCE!



SHORTLY, MISCELLANEOUSLY, THE GARNAGE WAS COMPLETE. BUT IN A WAY THE PACK OF BLOODMADENED HYPERWOLVES COULD NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED OR DISTANTLY IMAGINED THE GREAT SILVER FISTS TORE FANG AND CLAW AND FUNNELED THE BEASTS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.





# POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE SOUL

THE WAITING WAS OVER FOR NEARLY A CENTURY. THE SPIRIT IN THE LIGHTHOUSE HAD WAITED FOR AN INNOCENT SOUL TO POSSESS AND USE FOR ITS EVIL INTENTIONS, AND NOW IT WAS HERE, AND IT WAS TIME FOR THE PARTY TO BEGIN.

REVEREND MARSH, THANK GOD THAT YOU'RE HERE!

WHERE IS THE BOY, MR. MARSH?

MY WIFE IS WITH THE BOY IN HIS ROOM.

THIS IS 1879, NOT THE DARK AGES! THE VERY THOUGHT OF DOOGEE MEN IS...

LISTEN, YOU'RE A MAN OF GOD. THE BIBLE TEACHES THAT THE POWERS OF EVIL ARE JUST AS REAL AS THE ALL-MIGHTY! ARE YOU--

FEAR WHAT LITTLE I KNOW OF THE MATTER; YOU NEED A DOCTOR MORE THAN A MINISTER.

MY SON ISN'T SICK, REVEREND.

HE'S POSSESSED!

GEEESHAAHIE!



SMOKE FROZE THE TWO MEN TO THE SPOT FOR AN INSTANT AND THEN...

SWEET MERCIFUL JESUS!

THAT CAME FROM JEFFY'S ROOM!



SARAH, WHAT HAPPENED?

IT-IT WAS JEFFY. HE WAS SLEEPING, AND THEN...

OH GOD, HARRY, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR LITTLE BOY?

LOOK, AFTER WORK I'LL SEE ABOUT THE BOY.



HELLO, JEFFY, I'M HOME!

FOR AN INSTANT THE MONSTER WANTED TO TURN AND FLEE BUT HE CALLED UPON HIS INNER STRENGTH TO GIVE HIM COURAGE. LOGGIE TOLD HIM THAT HE WOULD MEET ONLY A FIVE YEAR OLD BOY INSIDE THE ROOM. SATAN KNOWS LITTLE OF LOGGIE, AN INNER VOICE TOLD HIM.



YOUR CHRIST AND HIS ACCURSED FATHER WILL BURN IN HELL FOR DARING TO DEIFY MY BELOVED SATAN.



BECOME, YOU TWISTED PIECE OF FILTH, RETURN AGAIN AT THE RISK OF YOUR WRETCHED SOUL!

AS SHALL ALL OF HIS MEDDLEWORM SERVANTS!



A ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE, BUT DEAR GOD YOU WERE RIGHT!

THERE ARE DEMONS IN THAT BOY AND IT IS MY SACRED DUTY TO EXPEL THEM.

THOUGH IT MAY COST ME MY LIFE!

THE TWO INTIMATED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE KITCHEN WHERE THE BATTERED WINSTON MAPPED OUT THEIR STRATEGY.



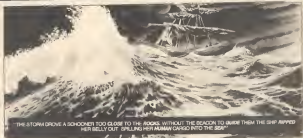
NEAR A HUNDRED YEARS AGO A MAN NAMED GARNET SIMPSON WAS THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER, HERE -!



"FOLKS SAY HE WAS A DRUNKARD AND A SADIST. HE WAS TOLERATED ONLY BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE COULD BE FOUND TO RUN THE LIGHTHOUSE. HE KEPT THE JOB ONLY BECAUSE THE SOCIETY ALLOWED HIM TO INDULGE IN HIS PERVERTED PURSUITS UNDISTURBED!"



"BUT HE GREW TIRED OF TORTURING SMALL ANIMALS. ONE NIGHT, BEYOND ALL COMPREHENSION, HE TURNED OFF THE BEACON DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE YEAR'S STRONGEST GALE!"



"THE STORM DROVE A SCHOONER TOO CLOSE TO THE ROCKS. WITHOUT THE BEACON TO GUIDE THEM THE SHIP RIPPED HER BELLY OUT, SPILLING HER MUMMY CARGO INTO THE SEAS!"

"THE SEA CLAIMED MOST OF THE PEOPLE ON THE SHIP" BUT A FEW MANAGED TO MAKE IT TO SHORE.



THEY WERE THE UNLucky ONES!

MORNING CAME LATE THAT DAY. A FEW TOWNERS DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHY THE LIGHTHOUSE HAD REMAINED DARK THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.



GREAT GOOD!

THE LOUSY GUILD!

"NO DOUBT MOST OF THEM THOUGHT, AND PROBABLY HOPE, THAT SIMPSON HAD BEEN KILLED DURING THE STORM."



"ALL THOUGHTS OF CALLING THE LAW WERE FORGOTTEN BY THE ENRAGED TOWNSFOLK. THE ONLY THING THEY WANTED TO DO TO SIMPSON WAS TO SNAP HIS STINKING NECK."

SIMPSON LAUGHED AS HE BEGAN BASHING IN SKULLS.



THUD!



CRASH!

THE MURDEROUS SIMPSON LOOKED HIMSELF IN THE LIGHTHOUSE, BUT NOT EVEN THE THICK OAK DOOR COULD KEEP OUT THE ENRAGED CITIZENS.



DID YOU MURDERIN' PIG DIE?

AND WHEN THEY GOT THEIR HANDS ON HIM THEY BEAT HIM WITH THE SAME PERVERTED JOY THAT SIMPSON MUST HAVE SHOWN WHEN HE HAD MURDERED THE SHIP-WRECKED SURVIVORS.



YE LOUSY CHURCH GON' SCUM!  
"GAD" YE AIN'T NO BETTERIN ME, AN' MAKIN' A WHOLE LOT!  
"COUGH" HONKAY!



THIS LIGHTHOUSE "WHEEZE" IS MINE, AN' ONE "GAD" DAY SOME HIGH AN' MIGHTY YER SON "GOD" WHO THINKS HIMSELF PURE O' HEART "I'LL COME HERE" "WHEEZE" AN' I'LL TAKE HIM "GAD" AN' USE HIM TO DESTROY YER TOWN!



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT  
HARRY AND SARAH ANKLED  
THAT THE MINISTER  
WAS SUCCESSFUL IN  
HIS BATTLE TO  
PUNISH THEIR  
SON'S SOUL  
AND THEN  
AT DAWN !

FEAR NOT, FOR  
THE BATTLE IS OVER AND  
THE SPIRITS ARE GONE  
FROM YOUR CHILD

OH JEFFY

HE IS  
ONE WITH GOD  
AGAIN

OOOHHH

Tired Oh  
So Sleep. Get  
me to my room  
in the church  
so that I  
might rest.

YES AT  
ONCE

THE MAN OF GOD'S SLEEP WAS RE-  
FILL AS THE BATTLE REPLAYED IN HIS  
MIND. WHAT A FOOL HE'D BEEN THE  
CHILD WAS NOT THE DEVIL'S  
TARGET, JUST A DECOR

THE MINISTER  
HAD BEEN THE  
TARGIT ALL  
ALONG, AND  
NOW HE WAS  
ONE WITH THE  
DEVIL

DEEP FROM THE MINISTER'S THROAT CAME GARNET SMIR-  
CON'S HUMMING LAUGHTER. REVENGE ON THE TOWN  
WOULD SOON BE HIS !

THE DEVIL  
ALWAYS TAKES  
CARE OF HIS  
OWN

AND COME SUNDAY WHEN THE PERS WOULD BE  
FULL, SATAN WOULD REVEAL HIS PLANS TO  
REVEREND MARTIN'S FLOCK !

"I CAN RECALL WITH VIVID CLARITY WHEN I FIRST CONCEIVED MY FATHER'S REVOLUTIONARY PLAY. IT WAS DURING A PERFORMANCE OF THE GREEK TRAGEDY 'ELECTRA'."

A MOST EXCELLENT VERSION OF WHICH WAS PRODUCED BY THE INMATES OF ST. DOMINICK'S ASYLUM FOR THE HOPELESSLY INSANE. ONE GIRL IN PARTICULAR HAD CAUGHT MY FANCY.



BROTHER, YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOUR FATHER'S! BUT YOU ARE YOUR MOTHER'S. YOU BELONG TO HER WHO EVERYONE KNOWS IS EVIL, THE BETRAYER OF YOUR DYING FATHER.

# BELLA DONNA

SIX MONTHS AGO, I WAS GIVEN CHARGE OF ST. DOMINICK'S AND I INTENDED, AS A FOLLOWER OF THE GREAT FREUD, TO RETURN THESE POOR SOULS TO AERIAL SOCIETY.

I DECIDED AT THAT INSTANT TO USE THE ACTRESS WHO WAS PLAYING 'ELECTRA'.



THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN SHE CAME TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE THAT I COULD SWEAR HER GREAT EMERALD EYES WERE STARRING INTO THE DEPTHS OF MY SOUL.



AS THE CURTAIN CLOSED, I APPLAUDED PERHAPS TOO ENTHUSIASTICALLY, BECAUSE THE LAST DETAIL OF MY PLAN HAD FALLEN INTO PLACE!

MY NEMESIS, DR. KRANDAL, THE HEAD OF THE INSTITUTE, WAS GOING TO BE EXPOSED AS THE FOOLISH OLD MAN HE WAS!

DARLING  
THAT GIRL WHO PLAYED  
ELECTRA SHE WAS  
SUPERB!

IT SEEMS  
HARD TO BELIEVE  
SHE IS ONE OF YOUR  
PATIENTS. SHE'S SO  
PROFESSIONAL AN  
ACTRESS!

YES AND  
COINCIDENTALLY  
SHE SUFFERED FROM AN ELECTRA  
COMPLEX SHE MURDERED  
HER MOTHER FOR LOVE  
OF HER FATHER!

HOW  
AWFUL! SURELY  
SUCH AN INJURY  
IS INCURABLE!

NEITHER DR.  
FREUD NOR I BELIEVE THAT  
SHE SUFFERS FROM A PATHERN  
POSITION IT IS CURABLE  
AND I WILL CURE HER!

FOR A  
BRIEF,  
ALMOST  
MAGICAL  
MOMENT,  
THE  
MOONLIGHT  
SPOT-  
LIGHTED  
HER  
AS IF SHE  
WERE STILL  
ON STAGE!

AGAIN I  
COULD  
SWEAR  
THAT THE  
GLAZE  
FROM HER  
MAGNI-  
FICENT  
EYES WAS  
FIXED  
UPON  
ME!

BELLA  
PLEASE COME  
RIGHT IN!

WHY HAVE  
YOU SENT FOR ME, DR.  
KERNAL? IT ISN'T  
TIME FOR MY REGU-  
LAR SESSION!

I WAS AWED ONCE AGAIN BY HER INCREDIBLE BEAUTY! MY PALMS SWEATED, MY ARMS TREMBLED AND I STAMMERED LIKE A SCHOOLBOY!

BELLA: UH, BELLA ISN'T YOUR TRUE NAME, IS IT? BELLA DONNA IS A SPECIES OF MUSHROOM ALSO KNOWN AS NIGHTSHADE, QUITE FATAL!

IN ITALIAN IT MEANS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

MY DADDY SUGGESTED THAT I USE IT AS A STAGE NAME BUT MOTHER DISLIKED IT! BUT SHE WAS A POWERFUL PERSON ANYWAY!

I ASKED YOU HERE TO OFFER YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO EARN YOUR RELEASE FROM THIS PLACE!

I AM PLEASED BUT BEMUDERED! I'M NOT INSANE! I HAD LOST ALL HOPE OF CONVINING ANYONE OF I DID KILL MY MOTHER

BUT ONE KILLING DOES NOT MAKE YOU A MURDERESS ANYMORE THAN ONE PAINTING MAKES ONE AN ARTIST

I OFFER YOU THE CHANCE TO PURSUE YOUR CAREER BY DOING USEFUL WORK, AS MY EMPLOYEE INSTEAD OF AS MY PATIENT

I SEE! THE IDEA SOUNDS DELICIOUS AND A BIT RISKY I ASSUME I AM TO WORK IN YOUR HOUSE

AS MY WIFE'S MAD, IT IS MY THEORY THAT GIVEN TRUST YOU WILL NOT ABUSE IT! IF I AM WRONG YOU MAY END BOTH OF OUR CAREERS

I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR

I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU

"SHE WAS BY NATURE A FLIRT, A USEFUL THWART AS AN ACTRESS AND AN INEVITABLE SYMPTOM OF HER FATHER'S FIXATION: A CHARACTER FAULT, NO DOUBT, BUT NOT A PSYCHOSES."



"I WOULD PROVE HER SANITY ON POINT OF MY JOE!"

"BETH WAS NOT PLEASED WITH BELLA, BUT AS A DUTIFUL WIFE, SHE ACCEPTED MY DECISION AND ASSURANCES. THEN ONE DAY..."

"GOOD DAY, MISS I'M DR. KRANDAL IS DR. BERNALUT AT HOME?"

"NO SIR BUT HE'S DUE HOME SHORTLY PLEASE COME IN!"



"YOU'RE DR. BERNALUT'S CHIEF I'VE HEARD HIM SPEAK OF YOU!"

"I CAN IMAGINE WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT ME OLD FOGEY REACTIONARY!"



"WELL, I HAVE A FEW DESCRIPTIVE WORDS FOR HIM: RADICAL! INCOMPETENT!"



"I KNOW ABOUT HIS LITTLE EXPERIMENT AND HE HAS NO AUTHORITY FOR SUCH A THING! I WILL HAVE HIS RESIGNATION BEFORE I LEAVE THIS HOUSE!"



"THEN I MUST SEE TO IT THAT YOU NEVER LEAVE THIS HOUSE ALIVE!"

"WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY GIRL? GOOD LORD ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?"



"I AM ME DOCTOR JUST ME!"



"BUT DON'T THINK I HEARD HER. BUT A BREEZE CARRIED HER EVERY WORD TO MY EAR. I HAD ASKED FOR HER TRUST. HER FARTY. WHY COULDN'T I MAKE HER UNDERSTAND ABOUT BELLA?"



I MUST HAVE WALKED HOME  
BECAUSE MY BOOTS WERE COVERED  
WITH MUD. SUDDENLY I WAS THERE  
AND SHE WAS WAITING FOR ME!

DID YOU  
DO IT, DAVID?  
DID YOU KILL  
HIM?

BETH?

IT'S ME  
BETH IS UPSTAIRS  
ASLEEP. SHE WAS SO  
UPSET THAT I GAVE  
HER ONE OF YOUR  
SLEEPING DRUGS!

I WANTED  
TO TALK WITH HER  
BUT... DRUGS! YOU  
POISONED HER!

IT WAS  
A MARELESS SED-  
ATIVE. I'M NOT  
A FRENCH! ONLY  
KILL TO PROTECT  
THOSE I CARE  
ABOUT.

THERE  
HAVE BEEN  
OTHERS AM  
I RIGHT?  
HOW MANY?  
I SAID  
HOW MANY?

EIGHT! DADDY  
NEVER UNDERSTOOD BUT I  
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT. I DID IT TO  
PROTECT YOU. BETH HADN'T THE  
STRENGTH TO DO WHAT SOME  
TIMES MUST BE DONE.

YES, I  
DO LOVE YOU. I  
SWEAR IT! PLEASE  
DON'T SEND ME  
AWAY.

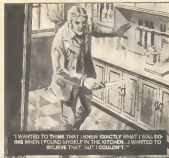
YOU DID  
IT FOR LOVE? LOVE  
OF YOUR FATHER  
AND NOW LOVE  
FOR ME?

WAS I ANY BETTER? HAD I THE RIGHT TO DOWNFALL  
HER? I HAD JUST KILLED A MAN FOR HER SAKE.

I WON'T, BELLA.  
THAT I PROMISE. BUT NOW GO TO  
BED. BELLA DONNA. BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN. SO BEAUTIFUL.  
SO DEADLY!



WHAT AM I  
GOING TO DO? IF I RETURN  
HER TO THE ASYLUM ALL IS  
LOST FOREVER!



"I WANTED TO THINK THAT I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DO-  
ING WHEN I FOUND MYSELF IN THE KITCHEN. I WANTED TO  
BELIEVE THAT, BUT I COULDN'T."

THE VENOM IN MY VEINS STIRRED,  
PUMPING BLOOD TO MY HEAD SO  
THAT IT THROBBED  
BEATING IN AN  
INSANE  
RHYTHM



BETH KNOWS  
SHE WOULD TELL



"I STRUCK WITH ONE BLOW TO HER HEART. SHE WAS DEAD IN AN  
INSTANT. I WAS GLAD THAT I DIDN'T CAUSE HER TO SUFFER."



DAVID!  
DO YOU JUST MUR-  
DER BETH?



THERE WAS  
NO OTHER WAY. SAYING  
IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN  
FAIR TO CHEAT ON HER  
AND I LOVE YOU  
TOO MUCH

# MINDWAR

WAR WAS IMMINENT! OUR FLEET WAS ORBITING ALTO WAITING FOR THE ENEMY FLEET TO ENTER HUMANITY'S HOME SYSTEM. THE ALIEN RACE HAD BROUGHT WITH IT MASSIVE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THROUGH THEIR CONQUESTS OF THE LESSER PLANETS OF OUR NEIGHBORING STARS.

THE BATTLECRUISER I WAS ASSIGNED TO THE PEGASUS HAD BEEN ONLY MINUTES AWAY FROM LIFT-OFF WHEN WE RECEIVED ORDERS TO HALT. COUNTDOWN I WAS WUSTLED OFF THE SHIP AND ONTO A HOVERCROFTER BOUND FOR WHO KNOWS WHERE.

BOTH THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT WERE NAVY UNIFORMS BUT I SWELED INTELLIGENCE SERVICE ALL OVER THEM.

"I HADN'T SPENT THREE YEARS ATTACHED TO PENTAGON SECURITY WITHOUT LEARNING SOMETHING ABOUT READING PEOPLE."

HEADS UP CAPTAIN

YOU'RE HOME?

HOME? HELL, THE DUMPS BACK HOME LOOK BETTER THAN THIS PILE OF ROCK!









I SEE THAT YOU KNOW ME CAPTAIN

EVERY SERVICE MAN ON EARTH KNOWS YOU SIR! WHO COULD FORGET THE MAN WHO LED THE MARINES AGAINST THE MARTIAN BOMB TERRORISTS BACK IN 307

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON PLED TO COMMANDING OUR GARRISON



A REPORT FROM OUR ALIEN LIAISON SIR THE ENEMY FLEET IS HOLDING THEIR POSITION AS PER THE AGREEMENT FLEET RADAR CONFIRMS THE REPORT!

VERY GOOD CORPORAL I WANT A REPORT EVERY QUARTER HOUR



YESSIR



MILLIONS OF MEN ARE IN SPACE AT THIS VERY INSTANT! EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM ARE READY TO LAY DOWN THEIR LIVES IN THE DEFENSE OF EARTH...

ARE YOU WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOUR LIFE IF NEED BE, WYLER?

WHY UN-NECESSARY I AM



GOOD THAT'S THE ANSWER I WAS EXPECTING TO HEAR! FOLLOW ME!



THIS ELEVATOR WILL TAKE US ALMOST THREE MILES BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THIS ISLAND!

GENERAL EXCUSE ME, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF WHAT'S HAPPENING!



CAPT WYLER YOUR ACTIONS AND YOUR ACTIONS ALONE THIS DAY WILL DETERMINE THE FATE OF OUR FLEET AND THE HUMAN RACE

ALL OUR LIVES ARE IN YOUR HANDS



ALL OUT  
INTERSTELLAR WAR  
CAPT. EVEN IF THE  
EARTH WINS, SHE'LL  
LOSE!

BILLIONS  
PERHAPS TENS OF  
BILLIONS OF PEOPLE  
KILLED, CITIES AND  
IMMENSE FARMLANDS  
DESTROYED

IT'D TAKE  
CENTURIES TO REBUILD  
EVEN IF IT'S POSS-  
IBLE TO REBUILD  
AT ALL!

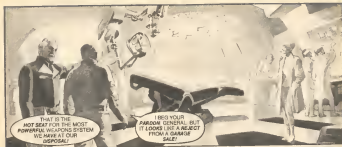
BUT THE  
ALIENS LEFT US  
NO ALTERNATIVES  
SIR. THEY REFUSED  
TO NEGOTIATE IN  
GOOD FAITH!

NOT  
ENTIRELY  
TRUE!

NEGOTIATIONS  
WERE HELD. A PEACEFUL  
SOLUTION WAS NOT REACHED  
BUT A SOLUTION ON HOW  
THE WAR WOULD BE  
FOUGHT WAS

A SOLUTION  
WHICH WILL GUARANTEE THE  
SURVIVAL OF THE WINNER AND  
THE COMPLETE GENOCIDE OF  
THE LOSER!

THIS WAY,  
WYLLIE! YOU ARE ABOUT  
TO SET YOUR EYES UPON  
THE ULTIMATE ME-  
ASOW!



THAT IS THE  
HOT SEAT FOR THE MOST  
POWERFUL WEAPONS SYSTEM  
WE HAVE AT OUR  
DISPOSAL!

I DESI YOUR  
PARDON GENERAL, BUT  
IT LOOKS LIKE A JACKET  
FROM A GARAGE  
SALE!



HMPH  
YES DR DAVIS  
WHY DON'T YOU EX-  
PLAIN ALL THIS  
TO CAPT  
WYLER!

OF COURSE  
GENERAL!



OUR  
AGREEMENT  
WITH THE ALIENS  
STATE, CAPTAIN  
THAT ONE WARRIOR  
FROM EACH SIDE  
WOULD MEET, AND  
BATTLE TO THE  
DEATH, THE WAR  
BEING WON BY  
THE SIDE WHOSE  
WARRIOR LIVES!

THE  
DIMENSION OF  
THE MIND!

IN ORDER  
TO ASSURE THAT  
NEITHER SIDE  
COULD UNFAIRLY  
INTERFERE IN  
THE BATTLE, IT  
WAS DECIDED  
THAT THE EN-  
COUNTER WOULD  
TAKE PLACE IN  
THE FIFTH DIM-  
ENSION



FIFTH DIMENSION?  
GIMON THAT SOUNDS LIKE  
SOMETHING OFF ONE OF THE  
SOFT SOAPS ON  
THE TUBE!

DON'T SCOFF  
CAPTAIN, IT'S ALL VERY  
VERY REAL!



WEARING  
THIS ATTACH-  
MENT THE WAR-  
RIOR IS TRANS-  
PORTED INTO  
THE FIFTH DIM-  
ENSION, ONCE  
THERE HE  
WILL LAND  
UPON A DESO-  
LATE PLANET,  
SELECTED BY  
BOTH SIDES

THE ONLY  
WEAPONS YOU WILL  
HAVE WILL BE THOSE  
THAT YOU ARE ABLE  
TO TRANSMUTE  
YOURSELF



TRANSMUTE?

EXACT-  
LY! OUR RE-  
SEARCH LEADS  
US TO BELIEVE  
THAT YOU'LL BE  
ABLE TO CREATE  
ANY WEAPON OR  
DEVICE WHICH  
YOU WANT  
MENTALM

PROVIDED  
OF COURSE,  
THAT YOU HAVE AN  
UNDERSTANDING  
OF THE DEVICE ITSELF  
ANY WEAPON YOU'VE  
ENCOUNTERED IN YOUR  
CAREER, YOU COULD  
TRANSMUTE INTO  
REALITY!



BUT  
SOMETHING SUCH  
AS A BLASTER THAT  
SHOOTS AROUND CORNERS  
IS IMPOSSIBLE!

WHOW!

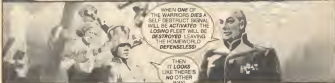


THERE'S A THEORY THAT YOU WILL ALSO BE ABLE TO CREATE NATURAL OCCURRENCES SUCH AS EARTHQUAKES, FLOODS, CYCLONES! BUT WE DON'T KNOW FOR SURE. WE KNOW VERY LITTLE AS YET OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION.



IF I WIN, HOW DO WE KNOW THE ENEMY WON'T ATTACK EARTH ANYWAY?

THERE'S A FAIL-SAFE SYSTEM BUILT INTO THE CHAIRS.



WHEN ONE OF THE WARRIORS DIES A SELF-DESTRUCT SIGNAL WILL BE ACTIVATED. THE LOSING FLEET WILL BE DESTROYED, LEAVING THE HOMEWORLD DEFENSELESS!

THEN IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!



GOOD LUCK, WHY? YOU WERE SELECTED OVER EVERY OTHER FIGHTING MAN ON EARTH FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT.

I JUST HOPE THE COMPUTERS THAT PULLED MY CARDS DIDN'T SCREW UP LIKE THEY DID WITH MY RAYGNECK LAST MONTH.

PROCEDURE INITIATED. TRANSFERENCE WILL BE IN FIVE SECONDS. FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE!



SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF FLOATING IN THE WASTELANDS OF FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL SPACE.

AHHHH! NO AIR. I'M DYING. NO ATMO-SPHERE. NEED A PRESSURE SUIT. NEED A PRESSURE SUIT.

DAMN! I JUST THOUGHT OF A PRESSURE SUIT, AND IT'S HERE!

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE! WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THIS PLANET AND THAT RUN THIS SYSTEM SEEMS TO BE COMPLETELY EMPTY!

I WONDER IF MY OPPOSITE NUMBER IS HERE YET?

TERRIFY! THAT SURE ANSWERED MY QUESTION!

GOODGOD BUT IS TOO BULKY FOR SWIMMING! IF I DON'T GET RID OF IT SOON!

DAMN I ALMOST FORGOT! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS THINK AND THE DAMN THING IS GONE!

NOW ALL I NEED ARE SOME WEAPONS LIKE AN F-77-LEASH PAK TO PART THAT S.E.M.'S HAIR!

SURE A HELLUVA LOT FASTER THAN ORDERING FROM THE QUARTERMASTER!

NOW TO GIVE US ONLY SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

GOOPY!

HE DESERVES TO BE FAMILIAR WITH THIS TERRY! GRY!

I'LL MAKE HIM COME TO ME AND THEN I'LL SHOW HIM SOME REAL KILLING!



HE SHOULD  
KNOW BY NOW THAT  
I'VE LEFT! AND WHEN HE  
DOES COME AFTER ME, THERE'S  
ONLY ONE WAY HE CAN GET  
TO ME... THROUGH THAT  
SMALL PASS!

AND WHEN  
HE DOES HE'S DEAD  
MEAT!

SOMETHING'S  
MOVING! IT MUST  
BE HIM!

NOW!

KA-BOOM!

THE STINKY  
CRITTER SURROUNDED  
ITSELF WITH A FORCE  
FIELD! DAMN!

BZZZAP!

ZZAP!

WHAM!

BLAM!

ZAP!

WHAM!

HE SHOULD  
BE DEAD! I USED  
THREE QUARTERS  
OF AN ENERGY  
PACK ON THAT  
BLAST!

HOW AM  
I SUPPOSED TO  
KILL THAT MON-  
STER? WHAT AM I  
SUPPOSED TO DO?  
BLOW UP THE  
WHOLE PLAN-  
ET?

OF COURSE  
WHY DIDN'T I THINK  
OF IT BEFORE?



ALL  
ION BOMB!  
PERFECT!

MY ONLY  
PROBLEM WAS THAT  
I WAS THINKING  
TOO SMALL!

EVEN A  
MINI-BOMB LIKE  
THIS COULD KNOCK HALF  
OF NORTH AMERICA INTO  
THE OCEAN. SO IF I PRO-  
GRAM IT TO EXPLODE RIGHT  
ON TOP OF THE SUCKER  
THAT POWERFIELD OF  
HIS WILL BE USE-  
LESS!

WHEREAS FROM  
THIS RANGE MY FORCEFIELD  
SHOULD PROTECT ME FROM THE  
BLAST AND THE RADI-  
ATION!

NO, TOO  
SOON!

KA-WHUMP!

IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE! IM  
POSSIBLE!

YOU'RE DOOMED  
EARTHER! YOU TOOK A FULL  
DOSE OF RADIATION FROM  
THE BOMB!





WHILE YOU WERE TOWING WITH YOUR PUNY WEAPONS I TRANSMUTED A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE FOR MYSELF!

AND WHAT YOU WERE PLANNING AS SOON AS YOU THOUGHT OF IT!

IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME TO INTERCEPT YOUR ADDRESSES CAUSING IT TO EXPLODE PRE-MATURELY!

IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHICH KILLS YOU FIRST THE RADIATION OR THE INTERNAL WOUNDS YOU SUFFERED!

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! I'M IN NO HURRY I COULD DESTROY YOUR FORCEFIELD WITH AN ION BLAST OF MY OWN!

BUT THAT WOULD BE TOO MERCYFUL!

HE'S RIGHT ODDAMNIT! I'M DONE FOR!

PAW FEELS LIKE MY INSIDES ARE MELTING! SUN IS SO INTENSE THE FORCEFIELD IS ACTING LIKE A MAGNIFYING GLASS SO HOT!

THE SUN! THAT'S THE ANSWER!



NO, YOU  
CAN'T!

I'LL ONLY  
HAVE A MILLIONTH  
OF A SECOND TO RE-  
CAP IF I SUC-  
CEED!

THE SUN  
THE SUN

DAMN YOU  
WE'RE BOTH LOST!  
I CAN'T CREATE A  
SHIELD STRONG E-  
NOUGH TO SAVE  
ME

FROM A NOVA!



KA-WHAW!



THE WAR WAS OVER! OUR FLEET PULVERIZED THE ALIEN PLANET, KILLING EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING ON IT, MAKING THE GALAXY SAFE FOR MANKIND.

1000 OFF THE PLANET A BILLION! 1 SECOND BEFORE ITS SUN BLEW UP! SHINED EVER SINCE THAT I AM



DR. DAVIS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. WHEN I LEFT THE FIFTH DIMENSION I SHOULD HAVE AWAKENED HERE WHOLE. AFTER ALL, THE ENTIRE WAR WAS FOUGHT IN MY MIND. I'

I WISH I HAD THE JOKER WHO ONCE SAID, 'TO THE VICTOR GOES THE SPOILS.' RIGHT NOW I'D PUNISH THE SON-OF-A-BITCH RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!





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# THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

SCINTILLATING NEW PRODUCTS FROM THE MOVIE!



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**WHO'S WHO OF THE HORRORS AND OTHER FANTASY FILMS** A lively and readable encyclopedia of the more than 1000 people involved in horror and sci-fi film since the beginning! Over 600 exciting & new photos make these films come alive! A comprehensive source of the cinema, this 8 x 11" hardcover book is a must for fans! **K5125—\$10.95**



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## THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

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NEW!



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NEW!

## THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

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posed knotted



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# THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

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HEAD  
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